Telephone:
Richmond 496

Hogarth House,
Paradise Road,
Richmond,
Surrey.

July 13th 1920

My Violet,

I ought weeks ago to have thanked you for your handsome & encouraging cheque, but I seem to spend my life in addressing envelopes. The Hogarth Press is growing like a beanstalk, & we think we must set up a shop & keep a clerk. The Zoltoy, in spite of being the publisher seems to me splendid; & we just sold it to America, which of course tempts us to set forth on fresh enterprises. Why has Miss Laura Forster attacked you? I have never seen

her, but at one time she took to writing me
letters - twenty pages about her relations.
She's an aunt, I think, of E. M. Forster.
Are you going to Edit her remains?[2]
Leonard is standing for Parliament with
the sole object of annoying
Herbert Fisher. Thank goodness, he's
got no chance of getting in.
We're going down to Rodmell at the
end of the month, & there we shall
dig & weed until [redacted]ctober. Should you
be going to Dieppe or spending a
week end in a hotel at Brighton,
we trust you will look in on us.
Leonard sends his love.

Yr Jo

I was much interested to meet Bonnefon
Nicolo again. He seemed exactly the
same.

Asheham
Rodmell Lewes.

Aug 18th
1920

My Violet

You were black-hearted not to come to dinner, but perhaps in the winter —

We've gone a bought a house down here, with a garden full of cabbages & roses, & we have to move in next week, or the week after. And we still have 3 cottages in Cornwall. Perhaps one of these days you might step out & your motor at our door. Lemard's passion will be such for his garden that I foresee that even the Hogarth Press may be neglected. We are blossoming out as printers, & manuscripts shower upon us. In fact we think of starting an

agent to do the business for us.

We had a picnic with Nessa & her family yesterday. She is coming to London in September to live in a flat & send Julian to School. The governess failed to manage him, & the difficulty of winter in the Country is beyond belief.

If you should be wanting a poem, or something very choice in prose, please remember us — which indeed you might do anyway.

Leonard sends his love

Yrs Sf.

Hogarth House
Richmond

Nov. 24th 1920

My Violet.

Who is Miss Chad? - & why is Gerald
marrying her, & is she an heiress, &
elderly; or the ~~son~~ daughter of a
stockbroker, & virginal? I dream of
her every night, & Gerald says she has
made a good impression at Waltingedge,
which seems to me sufficient. I
wish you'd call & find out.

When are you coming to dine
with us again? Its high time you did.
Nelly was charming, but I'm never sure
how much one exhausts her with talk.

V W.

Feby 8. 1921

My Violet

What a pleasure to hear from you – & what sweet company you keep!

I think it will be very good for your morals to visit the simplicities & refinements of Richmond. What about next Thursday, 10th, at 4.30. We should be in, & like it very much.

If you don't answer, I shall expect you.

Yours

Lpi

Hogarth House
Richmond.

Dec 6th
1921

My Nicolet

The Hogarth Press at least has the merit of making you wait to me. I'm always afraid that the mangels will oust your original bantling. Your marmalade awaits you: but I suppose there's no chance of seeing you before Xmas. Why not ask me to tea one day? We shall go away for that horrible festival - At this moment all my time is spent in stitching Roger Fry's woodcuts. We sold our first edition in 2 days, & now have to provide

a second in a hurry. Its very
encouraging, but I wish we had a
capable woman on the premises.
(This is a hint that you might become
our second devil.)

Who admires John Bailey?
I don't; & I gather that Lytton Strachey
feels equally safe against John's
criticism of old Victoria. Still
poor John is thin; he must be
protected; you are his old friend
& yet you laugh at him. I wish
you'd disinter my Cram (male)
for me. It's worth 20 Johns.

Leonard sends his love &
invitation.

Yr V W.